L. Cheron Inv:

G. V.r Giulio Rusp.t

L. Cheron Inv:

G. V.r Giulio Rusp.t

Yo: Rev: Mr. Spencer
ch. Lynne.

SIGHS

Upon the never enough

LAMENTED DEATH

OF

Queen *ANNE.*

In Imitation of MILTON.

By a CLERGYMAN of the Church of England.

Francis Peck. A.M.

Quis desiderio sit Pudor aut Modus
Tam chari Capitis? Hor.

LONDON,
Printed for HENRY CLEMENTS, *at the* Half Moon *in St.* Paul's *Church-Yard,* 1719.

46
9. 4
746

PREFACE.

INCE Mr.* *Addiſon* hath ſo well obſerv'd upon Blank Verſe, and reſtored the Admiration of the beſt Poem by One of the beſt Pieces of Criticiſm that ever yet appeared; it would be equally abſurd in the Critick to find Fault

* *See his Critique upon* Milton *in the* Saturday *Papers of the* SPECTATOR.

with the great Original the Author hath propoſed for his Imitation, as ridiculous in him to imagine he hath come up to its Beauties.

For if this Eſſay be not as Perfect in its Structure, or Harmonious in its Numbers; as Beautiful in its Epiſodes, or happy in its Alluſions; as Choice in its Epithets, or Finiſhed in its Periods, as a Compoſition, wherein all thoſe charming Embelliſhments are as exquiſitely imagined, as divinely expreſſed: Nevertheleſs, as Rhime is no more a Part of Senſe or Poem, than a gilded Frame is of Picture; ſo whatever Faults are found in this Piece, it is hoped the Want of That will never be reckoned among them. Becauſe, as among good Painters, the Beauty of a Performance conſiſts in an Exactneſs of

Pro-

Proportion, and a juſt Diſtribution of the Colours into Light and Shade; ſo certainly among Poets, he who rejects all falſe Ornaments in his Diction or Deſignment, and makes nothing but what is natural the Object of his Imitation, hath by far the faireſt Pretenſions to our Regard.

I don't ſay indeed that I have effected all this in the following Poem, only that I have attempted it.

But then, had it wanted this Plea, there is Another which ought more certainly to recommend it to Favour; I mean, the Amiableneſs of the Subject, as it is wrote in Honour of Virtue, and One who was not only a virtuous Perſon her ſelf, but the greateſt Encourager of it in others. A Princeſs, who ſhined in

every private, and excelled no leſs in every publick Character! For conſider Her either as a Woman, or a Chriſtian; As a Nurſing Mother of the Church, or a Parent of Her People, and She was the Delight of all good Men, and the Glory of the Age She liv'd in!

Indeed if we conſider the Writings of our modern Poets, they almoſt all of them ſeem to forget the End and Deſign of Verſe. For long after Poetry was firſt invented, there was hardly any Man preſumed to employ it otherwiſe than for the Service of GOD, or, which is next to it, to give VIRTUE its due Praiſe.

Thus to raiſe the Idea's of a future State, and paint the Lovelineſs of

of Innocence; to inſpire Mankind with Gratitude for what they enjoy by the Permiſſion of the Deity, and inſtruct them to praiſe the Author of ſo much Good; and laſt of all, to ſhew us what is truly Great and Honourable in Man, and how much he is above the reſt of his Fellow Creatures, who acts up to the Dictates of his Conſcience; are Themes fit for Angels, and the Tongues of thoſe Men who would ſpeak like them, and (as they always reflect back again the Luſtre they receive) Themes that deſerve all the Beauties which Verſe can give them. And in this Condition Poetry flouriſhed among the *Hebrews*.

But when it appeared in *Greece* and *Italy*, Errors in Religion occaſioned Errors in Poetry, and this charm-

charming ART was practiſed to adorn the Pagan Mythology, and at laſt, as if all Fleſh had corrupted its Way, and even Men of Senſe forgot themſelves, proſtituted to every lewd Deſire and depraved Taſte, and Endeavours uſed by its means to give Vice an amiable Appearance in the Eyes of Mankind.

Here nevertheleſs, though Poetry was thus ſhamefully perverted, ſtill if we examine the ancient *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, we ſhall find no Recourſe had to that falſe Ornament of Rhime, which hath been ſo much practiſed by the Moderns in other Languages. Indeed if we trace up our own *Engliſh* Poetry to its Original, we ſhall perceive that Rhime began with it; and hence thoſe Poets who afterwards excelled in

our

our Language, have been conſtrained to follow the Example of their Predeceſſors, merely thro' the Influence of Cuſtom, and the Novelty of Blank Verſe, with the Beauties of which the generality of Readers (before *Milton* and *Philips* appeared) were ſo little acquainted, that they hardly knew what it was.

However, I can't but think the Authors in Rhime were, in ſome Meaſure, ſenſible of their own Inſufficiency, when they forſook the Method of the Ancients, and introduced a Tinkling of Sounds to pleaſe the Ear, inſtead of the true Sublime; which is to ſatisfie the Judgment with the Harmony of Words, the Juſtneſs of Thought, and the Delicacy of Expreſſion.

Ne-

Nevertheleſs it was not enough to treat the more barbarous Languages thus ſcurvily, but at laſt the *Latin* Tongue it ſelf was alſo vitiated after the ſame Manner, in the Times of Ignorance and Superſtition, under the Notions, forſooth, of Gracing it with Rhime, and improving the Meaſures of the Ancients. It were needleſs to tranſcribe Inſtances of this inſipid Kind of Poetry.

Before *Milton's* PARADISE LOST, we are told, "The Meaſure is *Engliſh* Heroic Verſe without Rhime, "as that of *Homer* in *Greek*, and "*Virgil* in *Latin*: Rhime being no "neceſſary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verſe, in "longer Works eſpecially, but the "Invention of a barbarous Age, to "ſet off wretched Matter and lame "Metre,

" Metre, graced indeed ſince by the
" Uſe of ſome famous modern Poets,
" carried away by Cuſtom, but
" much to their own Vexation, Hin-
" drance, and Conſtraint to expreſs
" many Things Otherwiſe, and for
" the moſt Part Worſe than elſe they
" would have done. Not without
" Cauſe therefore Some, both *Italian*
" and *Spaniſh* Poets of prime Note,
" have rejected Rhime both in long-
" er and ſhorter Works (as have al-
" ſo long ſince our beſt *Engliſh* Tra-
" gedians) as a Thing of it ſelf, to all
" judicious Ears, trivial, and of no
" true muſical Delight, which con-
" ſiſts only in apt Numbers, fit
" Quantity of Syllables, and the
" Senſe variouſly drawn out from
" one Verſe into another; not in the
" jingling Sound of like Endings: a
" Fault avoided by the learned An-

" cients both in Poetry and all
" good Oratory. This Neglect then
" of Rhime, ſo little is to be taken
" for a Defect (tho' it may ſeem ſo
" perhaps to vulgar Readers) that it
" rather is to be eſteemed an Exam-
" ple ſet, the firſt in *Engliſh*, of an-
" cient Liberty recovered to Heroic
" Poem, from the troubleſome and
" modern Bondage of Rhiming.

Mr. *Marvel* concludes his commendatory Verſes before *Paradiſe loſt* with theſe four admirable Lines:

I too, tranſported by the Mode, offend,
And while I meant to praiſe *thee, muſt* commend.
Thy Verſe, created like thy Theme, ſublime
In Number, Weight, and Meaſure, needs not Rhime.

Here he very artfully ſhews the Inconveniences of Rhime, and tells us, that he deſigned to *praiſe* Mr. *Milton*, but now can do no more than *commend* him, becauſe he is tied down by

by the Rhime, and only the *worſt* of theſe two Words will anſwer to *offend*.

Hence, and from the elegant Compoſitions of the late Mr. *Philips*, it appears that our Language is capable of pleaſing without the barbarous Embelliſhment of Rhime, and that not only in Tragedy and Heroic Poetry, but moſt other Kinds of Verſe. The immortal *Milton* hath given us a very charming Proof of this Aſſertion, in his *Circe*, a beautiful Piece of *Doric* or Paſtoral Poetry, moſt of it written in Blank Verſe, wrought into a Mask, and preſented at *Ludlow* Caſtle. It is printed in the Second Volume of his Poetical Works. And now I am mentioning the only Two of our Nation who hitherto have excelled in Blank Verſe, it is with Pleaſure I can at length add a Third:

Every Body who hath ſeen his Tranſlation of the *Æneid*, will imagine Mr. *Trapp* to be the Perſon. And indeed, if we omit him, it will be hard to ſay who we muſt put in to fill up the Triumvirate?

But to return. Mr. *Dryden* (as Dr.* *Felton* obſerves) was as well acquainted with the Rules of Poetry, and the Inconveniences of Rhime, as any Man living. Nevertheleſs, tho' he could give the beſt Inſtructions for Writing, he was the worſt Obſerver of them himſelf. For he doated upon Rhime, and was charmed with the Tinkling of his Chains. But, tho' he fancied it thus ſtrongly, and excelled in it above other Men; yet I doubt not but he was

* *See his Diſſertation upon the Claſſic's, &c.*

ſome-

ſometimes obliged to confeſs, with a merry Author of the laſt Age, that

Rhime the Rudder is of Verſes,
With which, like Ships, they ſteer their Courſes,
And thoſe who write in Rhime, ſtill make
The one Verſe for the others ſake.
For one for Senſe, and one for Rhime,
I think's ſufficient at a Time.

So much I have thought fit to premiſe in Favour of *Blank Verſe*, as oppoſed to *Rhime*.

With Regard to my own Performance I have nothing to add, but what I ſhall tranſcribe from my printed Propoſals.

This Poem was wrote immediately upon the Death of her late Majeſty, but not ſo much with a Deſign to publiſh it, as to wear away a melancholy Hour. How far it hath ſucceeded to the Credit of the Au-

Author, muſt (now the firſt Reſolution is altered) be left to the World it appears in.

As for producing it at this Time of Day, the Author alledges the great Reverence he hath for the Memory of ſo illuſtrious a Princeſs, the little Reſpect ſome Men wou'd inſinuate ſhe deſerves, and (tho' he is ſorry to mention this other Reaſon) the ſeeming Forgetfulneſs of her real Admirers, among whom, as yet, no kind Hand hath undertaken to vindicate her Merit. Few indeed are the Thanks he expects for ſo doing; but the Church of *England* never had a Friend, to whom, as far as is in his Power, he will not do Honour. This with Regard to the Memory of the *Great Good Queen* he hath wrote upon.

That

As to the late Appearance of the Poem it ſelf, permit him to alledge, That it can never appear too late if it be Good; That it will infallibly be more correct; That *Horace* himſelf adviſes his Authors to keep their Copies at leaſt Nine Years by them, that they may often reviſe and correct them; and laſtly, That our own Country it ſelf is not without a Perſon of ſome Figure now living, who kept a Performance of his (upon the Death of the late Queen *Mary*) very near twice Nine Years by him, before he thought fit to ſend it Abroad.

With Regard to the Whole, he intreats his Subſcribers not to be diſpleaſed if he ſhed a Tear for the Unfortunate, if he drop a Flower at the Grave of the Young, if he

he pity any Thing that deſerved Pity, and once more remind them what QUEEN *ANNE* and the *STUARTS* were. In a Word, as no Reflections are intended againſt the Living, that he may be allowed to ſpeak well of the Dead, of whom (as the very Proverb it ſelf affirms) *we ought to ſay nothing but that which is Good.*

SIGHS

UPON

The never enough Lamented DEATH

OF

Queen *ANNE.*

What ANNA and the *STUARTS* (were? Their Names
What Virtues far endear'd, but (chief in Her
Collected ſhone? By Her la- (mented Death
Depriv'd of all (O melancholy Theme!
O Loſs yet ne'er enough deplor'd!) the Muſe,

Full of Her Country's Grief, attempts to ſing.
To ſing — And haply to excite ſome Bard
More skill'd in Eulogy and tuneful Verſe,
Them and their glorious Atchievements, tho' late,
At length to blazon in ſweet Epic Song,
And with due Honours (as they merit) Hail.

O gentle *Cam*, on thy delicious Banks,
Seat of ſound Learning, and of bright Converſe,
Free from all careful Thoughts, how oft have I
With grateful Meditation entertain'd
My peaceful Mind; thy Stream alike becalm'd,
So ſoftly would it creep, ſo ſlowly glide!
And thou, O *Welland*, waſhing with thy Waves
The dear-lov'd Place of my Nativity,
Equal thy Shores, if not exceeding *Cam*'s;

* (Of

* (Of *Oxford*'s once divided Sons thence made
The new, tho' ſhort, Abode) or Here, or There
How ſweetly have I paſs'd my youthful Prime,
Sometimes with *Milton*'s lofty Song, ſometimes
With *Philips* (who alone ſings aught like him)
Delighted, with their wondrous Flights ſo fir'd,
That I at laſt muſt fondly try what Sound
My ruder Shell would yield when pitch'd to theirs!
Ah, Thoughtleſs Wretch! Unweeting ANNA's (Death
Would ſhortly ask more Skill, were they alive,
Than they themſelves could furniſh out to mourn!

* *In the Year* 1334 *a Quarrel happening at* Oxford *between the Southern and Northern Students, the latter removed to* Stamford *in* Lincolnſhire; *but the Difference was ſoon made up, and they returned. See* Cambden's Britannia, *and* Butcher's *Antiquities of that Place.*

But ſee where now She lies! She who at Home
So mildly rul'd, Abroad ſuch Battels won;
She who or waſting War, or friendly Reſt
Throughout the World commanded with a Word;
Ah ſee how lowly now She lies! How all
Her Wealth is but a Shroud, and little Earth
To cover up Her poor Remains. To warn
Ev'n higheſt Kings that they muſt thus retire,
Thus enter Death's grim Cave, a narrow Vault;
There glad if undiſturb'd (O Room how ſtraight
For them who reign'd ſo wide!) as when the (Youth
On *Macedonian Philip*, Morn by Morn,
Remember thou, O Prince, *art mortal call'd*,
Her Mem'ry now may ſerve. For courtly Bans
O doleful Knell! For Thoſe, who lov'd like Me,

Her

Her Virtues, and for them Her very Name,
O moſt unwiſh'd for Story to relate!

Alas! my pleaſant Meaſures did e'er while
Swell like the Heart-inſpiring Trumpet's Voice;
I ſung of ANNA's Praiſe, her conqu'ring Arms,
And each proud Monarch yielding to Her Sword,
Victorious Songs! Or told how lovely Peace
And Plenty, Her fair Heav'nly Siſter, both
Deſcended ſmiling, and in ſeemly Sort
(O Seaſon bleſt!) before Her Royal Throne
Sat gracious, 'till now th' e'er dreaded Day
When Her dear Sp'rite (torn from us for our Sins)
To Him who gave it muſt return, arriv'd.
But then that Day, nor let it paſs unmark'd,
The *Britiſh* Hemiſphere was all ſerene,

No

No Wrinkles in its calm, ſmooth Countenance
Gave Signs of Wrath awak'd, no low'ring Clouds
Hung o'er the Dawn, as when uſurping Pow'rs
Depart in Hurricanes, and ratling Storms,
Winds, Waves, and Thunder, their terrific Pomp
Aſſembling, ſnatch them to their Doom. But all
Was fair and clear, as Her bright Soul, which then
To Heav'ns high Court aſcended, on the Wings
Of Innocence ſublime, pleas'd to be free,
Nor more be puniſh'd with a Crown below.

And now Fame open'd wide her Hundred (Mouths,
Now Murmurs ran, and Groans were heard, and (they
Who knew not what was Woe before, were told
(Oh worſt of Woes!) Great ANNA was expir'd!
Too well inform'd, then ev'ry Eye began

To

To weep, and Heart to heave; Then ceas'd all (Hours
Golden and Joy diffuſing; lovely Peace
And Plenty, Her fair heav'nly Siſter, both
Nor heav'nly fair, nor lovely now appear'd,
But Peace (like War) look'd dreadful, and each (Flow'r
In the rich Horn of Plenty loſt all Hue
That charms the Sight, all Scent that chears the (Smell.

Wave then thy wonted Mirth, and talk no (more
Of gay Delights and Love, or Shepherd Swain
Chaunting his *Doric* Lays at *Emma*'s Feet
In Rural Innocence; for I muſt now
(Ah woful Caſe! Ah ſudden Change!) attune
My Joyleſs Shell to ſome ſoft mournful Strain

* Such

(* Such as, they affirm, were heard when Angels (wept
† For Churches burnt in *Gaul*; or that ſweet Bird,
Who from his roſie Breaſt derives his Name,
Warbled o'er dead *Paſtora*'s Herſe, nor knew
To end) *while hollow Sighs and Groans around*
Deep and innumerable, murmur out
The doleful Chorus, and each Boſom heaves
With Grief, and heark'ning to the ſad Complaint.

* O could I ſing like Him, who when the Ways
Of *Sion* mourn'd, wept with ſuch Force of Woe

---

* *Alluſion to an Account of Angels ſinging Pſalms in the Air, over the Ruins of the Proteſtant Church at* Orthez, *a City in the Province of* Bearne, *and other Places in* France, 1686, *printed at the End of a little Book called,* A general Hiſtory of Earthquakes.

† *Alluſion to the remarkable Circumſtance of the* Robin-Red-Breaſt *ſitting many Days on Queen* Mary IId's *Herſe, and whiſtling ſeveral Hours together; mentioned, I think, by the late Biſhop of* Sarum *in his Life of that Queen.*

* *The Prophet* Jeremiah.

As

As would in hardeſt Hearts ſoft Pity raiſe!
† Or Him, who Deaths dark Temple drew, and all
The dreadful Phantoms of the Grave! Their Grief,
Their Pomp of Horrors, only would expreſs
How wretched now we're left! But tho' the Sound
Of light and trivial Verſe, like mine, may ill
Agree with our ſad State; yet were it ſure
Far more unmeet that ANNA whom each Muſe,
Each Grace lov'd living, and ev'n dead no leſs,
(Ye cruel Fates, that ye had lov'd as well!)
Should to the cold and ſilent Grave deſcend
Unſung, as if unmeriting; no Rites
Decreed on *Pindus* Hill, nor Exequie

† *His Grace the Duke of* Bucks, *who wrote that fine Poem called,* the Temple of Death.

(As wont) perform'd; not one *Orphean* Strein
Or Elegiac Threnody around
Her earthy Bed, with mournful Symphony
And ſolemn State rehears'd; * ſave only His,
Who (crown'd with Laurels by her gen'rous Hand)
Sung, like the Swan, a ſweet, but om'nous Song,
And ſudden clos'd his Eyes; for his poor Heart
Was broke before, when gracious ANNA died.
Come then, ye Muſes, and tho' late I ſing,
Aid me to mourn for Her, whom all good Men,
Charm'd with the Bleſſings of her Reign, deplore.
Ah! Well ſhe knew her ſelf to tune the Lyre
To Songs of Woe! Thus ſhe her *Glo'ſter* ſung,

* *Mr.* Tate, *the Poet Laureat, who wrote a Poem upon the Death of the Queen, and died ſoon after of Grief.*

And *Daniſh George*, her faithful Hero, wail'd.
So like the ſweet Muſitian of the Wood,
The ſcant Remains of wearied Life conſum'd
In plaintive Melody, ſuch as her dear
Departed Mate, and ſhort liv'd Young might bend
From higheſt Happineſs to hearken to,
Delighted with the Voice belov'd. Nor wept
Th' illuſtrious Heroine alone. The ſame,
O pious ANNA, were thy Peoples Griefs,
Their very Joys the ſame with Thine: No Bliſs
Hadſt Thou, but they partook with Thee;
Nor a Diſtreſs, but they with equal Tears,
(So uniform all Hearts to thine,) lamented too;
With Thee, for thy loſt Iſſue (Oh too fair!
Too good for mortal State were They!) each Muſe

In ſadly pleaſing Elegies condol'd!
Next Royal *George* became th' unhappy Theme,
And taught us, by thy Griefs Exceſs, to fear
Thy Loſs, and dread the quick Return of Fate,
Him, tho' a forreign Swain, fond of the Man
In whom our deareſt Miſtreſs took Delight,
Each loyal Heart, like widdow'd ANNA mourn'd:
So when two Lutes in Uniſon are ſtrung,
This ſtroke, and That, or near, or diſtant, plac'd;
The ſolitary Lyre, ſuch ſecret Laws
Harmonious Nature hath of Old impos'd,
Warbles untouch'd, and ecchoes back the Sound;

So let my Grief and Lyre agree; So ſpeak
My Soul; So charm thou, Muſick, while beneath

The

The gloomy Umbrage of this antient Cell
In ſable Weeds (ſuch as ſad Mourners uſe)
I ſolitary ſhroud my ſelf, and creep,
Like dark Oblivion, to Monaſtic Shades.
Hail to thy awful Silence, rev'rend Pile,
Thou mouldring Arch, Thou headleſs Image, hail!
Hail venerable Heap, weedy, a-duſt,
Forlorn, and deſolate, but haply once
Of ſome auſtere old Anchoret th' Abode,
Who whilom in theſe diſmal Caves told o'er
Devoutly num'rous Beads, with num'rous Pray'rs!
Hail dreadful Ruins which affright all Joy!
O may thoſe Domes to better Charity
And Rites more primitive devoted now,
Like you ne'er periſh thus! To Avarice

Nor

Nor Malice ever bow! Let not o'er Them
Or outward Force, or inward Fraud, prevail;
Let not o'er Them dark, threatning Clouds deſcend,
Or, Deſolation ſhake her fatal Scythe
Triumphant! But, with Providential Eye,
Kind Heav'n, avert thou far each gath'ring Storm,
Propitious to our Pray'rs. Here, if in Words
There dwell ſuch charming Force as will my Grief
Or vanquiſh, or deceive; Here let me find
The only Comfort that ſuch Place affords,
But Freedom to lament my Queen, and ſooth
My wretched Soul (Ah wretched Soul indeed!)
Whom anxious Thoughts and dol'rous Views beſet,
With gentle Numbers and aſſuaging Song.
Aſſuaging Song?—Alas! Now Tears amain

Guſh

Guſh from each Eye, and pale *Britannia* ſeems,
Like a poor helpleſs Bark, unmann'd, unrigg'd,
Toſt in wide roaring Sea's; who ſhall preſume
To talk of Melody, or dare to ſing
In our ſad Land, *aſſuaging aught*, when She,
The nurſing Mother of this pureſt Church,
The Ornament and Glory of our Iſle,
The dear, the happy Theme of ev'ry Verſe, is (fled!
Yet ſtay me not, ye Tears—nor ceaſe your (ſelves,
Nor check the Muſe, but onward flow alike
As Grief and Nature wills; and then, tho' hard
The Task (ſo many mournful Objects riſe,
And call for Mention in this Fun'ral Song)
We'll halt at ev'ry Grave, and ſtrew a Flow'r.

First

First then, fair Boy, extinct in early Prime,
For Thee the pious Muſe down her pale Cheeks
Lets fall theſe after-Tears, like dewy Sweat
Which trickles from Thy cold relenting Urn
Whoſe hollow Womb contains thy ſacred Duſt
(Oh how rever'd!) diſtilling from her Eyes.
But while I mourn thy too untimely Fate,
Oh whether am I wrapt? —Am I or where
Delicious Bow'rs (as fabling Poets feign)
A Paradiſe compoſe for virtuous Men
Immortaliz'd? Or am I truly where,
In Pleaſure ſojourning, departed Saints
The ſecond Coming of their Lord expect?
Or where th' Almighties ſelf holds his high Rule
And viſible Abode? To fancied, or

True

True Heav'n am I tranſported, that I ſee
GLOSTER's illuſtrious Shade, compleatly fair,
Like ſome young Seraphin ſtand forth erect,
While various Forms, with almoſt equal Charms,
Surround him, and (fit Rays for ſuch a Sun)
Do Homage to his Virtue—Ha! ſure That
If Picture fails me not, 's the laſt young King
Of *Tudors* Line, That the *Black Prince*, and He,
Who ſmiles on them, the gallant † *Aſtrophel*?
Hail O ye beauteous Shades! Freely enjoy
What Heav'n as free beſtows. Here ye may know
Each other, and converſe as Angels do;

† *Sir* Philip Sidney, *the Glory of the Age he lived in; generally celebrated by this Name in* Spencer, *and other Writers of his Time.*

And that is higheſt Bliſs, when Virtue taſts
Its Likeneſs; while, thro' your Reſide more bleſt
Is this Eliſium—Oh, to what a Pitch
Had Virtue ris'n in our low Orb, had you
Reach'd your Meridian Glory? And, ſave him
Whom you ſo juſtly honour, what Renown,
Above all elſe, would you have not obtain'd?
But ſoft—Methinks I hear the matchleſs Deeds,
Theſe did e'erwhile on Earth atchieve, rehears'd;
And ſolemn Hymns to dulcet Inſtruments
Sung jubilant in praiſe of their great Names,
With Angels Pen, now regiſter'd in Heav'n!
Such, not unlike, are thoſe tranſporting Airs
Which welcome bleſſed Souls to Paradiſe,
Kindly deſign'd by good Omnipotence

To

To ſooth the wearied Shade, and qualifie
Its Faculties for more extatic Bliſs.

Farewel, ye happy Sp'rites! Fair Name indeed,
Unequall'd yet by all *Britannia*'s Sons,
You've left behind. And Thou, dear lovely Youth,
To Thee, and Theſe thy Friends Adieu! The Muſe
Again deſcends to her own Earth, and There,
Remembring Thee, thy Fate all *Britain* weeps,
And calls to mind their blaſted Happineſs!
For Oh thy blooming Charms and manly Wit
Were once their Joy! * But now alas! He's gone!

* *Perhaps the Author had his Eye here upon the* Marcellus *of* Virgil.

And, O fair Boy, how ſoon expir'd! In Him
How all our Hopes deceas'd and periſh'd lie!
Malicious Fate! Who firſt the tender Branch,
Young and unripe for Death, cut off, and next
The very Tree it ſelf tore up enrag'd!
So when the Winds upon each other War
Collecting all their Strength, they boiſt'rous drive
The madding Clouds, and to Confuſion toſs
The vegetable World; The pleaſant Roſe,
Whirl'd high into the bluſtring Element,
Sheds all its fragrant Leaves, and *Terra's* Face
Straight bluſhes, and grows rich with ſcatter'd Sweets.

Then, ANNA, who can thy dear *Glo'ſters* Death
Forget? Or mention, but with Grief renew'd?

Such

Such fatal Blows, for His and Thy lov'd Sake,
O glorious Woman,* worthy of all Life,
The *Britiſh* Muſe for ever could lament!
Nor had thy Abdicated Father loſt
His high imperial Throne, nor fell unſung
Without the Meed of ſome melodious Tear;
Had but his Word, like Thine, been obſerv'd
To guard our Church, and Liberty maintain.
Not then had he, in forreign Realms eject,
Privation of his Right bewail'd, nor clos'd
His Eyes unpitied, in Eſtate forlorn;
But firſt abandon'd to th' uncertain Chance
Of Seas, Sea's wont to rage, but now leſs rough,

* Sit tibi Terra levis, Mulier digniſſima Vitæ,

And

And ſafelier paſs'd than his own faithleſs Shores.

But Oh! if we revolve the various Fate
Of *Britains* Kings; Remembring How he fell,
And for what glorious Cauſe; ſtraight *CHARLES* the firſt,
Preſented in our Minds, walks headleſs by,
A ruful Object! While each yearning Heart,
Throbs at the dire Cataſtrophe recall'd;
For who, at ſuch a Thought, can Grief forbear?
To ſee th' Anointed of the Lord, a Prince
So gracious, wiſe, and juſt; So ev'ry Way
Compleat, and fitted To adorn a Throne,
And bleſs a Land; to ſee Him by His own

Blood-

Blood-thirſty Slaves brought out before this Sun,
A Tyrant, trait'rous, murd'ring Wretch proclaim'd;
† Thence led to cruel Death, the Scaffold Floor
With Staples pierc'd, and Cords (ſo will'd thoſe Fiends)
Prepar'd (had He gain-ſay'd their curs'd Decree)
To draw Him to the Block; There like a Lamb,
Meek, and with all its Innocence array'd,
Defenceleſs left, ſubmitting to the Blow,
And butcher'd by relentleſs Hands; While Shouts
(Such Shouts as Hell it ſelf, could it ſo ſpeed

† *He who reads* Lloyd's Worthies, *or Dr.* South's poſthumous Sermon *on the 30th of* January, *will meet with enough to ſatisfy him of the Truth of this Particular, and he who reads the* Trial of the Regicides, *will find a Perſon depoſing upon Oath that* Hugh Peters *was the Man who gave Directions for Staples, and came himſelf out with the Carpenter to ſee them fixed.*

Against the Throne of GOD, would bellow out)
Rifting the Air with their curs'd clam'rous Din, (300
Applaud the brandiſh'd Ax —— Oh horrible!
It melts the very Soul, and all the Man,
Like the ſoft Clouds of Heav'n, diſſolves in Tears!
O worthy Prince! when I thy Saint-like Name (305
Wrote red in our Church Calendar behold,
Or when the Morn of thy ſad Martyrdom
Returns, *Lay not, O Lord, His righteous Blood,*
I pray, *to mine, or my dear Country's Charge!*
But them who with lewd Scoffs and ſhameful
The ſacred Rites and Sorrows of this Day (Feaſt 310
Profane, my trembling Soul their Secrets ſhun!
With their Aſſemblies, O mine Honour, be
Not Thou united! Day and Night, with Cry

In-

Inceſſant, calls the Voice of martyr'd Saints
For Vengeance at the Hands of Heav'ns high (King,
And pretious in his Sight is their Lifes Blood.

With Thoughts like Theſe now all our heavy (Hearts
Are harrow'd up. Far other was our Caſe
When ANNA bad the ratling Trumpet pauſe,
With rolling Drums no longer join its Force
And loud rough Clangor to o'erpow'r the Groans
Of wounded Warriors, born in Battel down,
Surceaſing from their Proweſs, and (ſo Fate
Ordain'd) from Life, and their dear Country's (Cauſe.
For thus (tho' Victory did ſtill her Arms
Attend) for Myriads of Her Foes, ſome few,
On Honour's Altar, of Her Subjects fell.
Stay thy deſtroying Sword, then to Her Arms

She ſaid; no longer let the greedy Earth
Drink deep the Blood of ſlaughter'd Enemies.
And you, my Fleets, be ſtill, nor whelm again
The Ocean Waves with Waves of Purple Dye;
Let Pity now take Place, and Mercy reign
Amidſt the Fury of the War, and Whom,
Whene'er we ſo require, our Squadrons can
With Eaſe ſuppreſs, let now our Love ſubdue.
She ſpake, and Death himſelf drew back his Dart;
Nay, ev'n the murd'ring Cannon loſt its Dread,
Nor to deſtroy, but Unity proclaim
Among concording Pow'rs, ſent forth its Roar.
The Sword, the Spear, each Weapon of the War,
Or Pruning-hook, or ſome meet Inſtrument
Of Husbandry became; while Peace ſtood forth,
With

With Plenty, her fair heav'nly Sister, both
And Liberty, that *British* Nymph, conjoin'd
As in the golden Days of Old. Sweet Truth
And Mercy kiss'd each others gracious Lips,
And, more to crown our Bliss, *England*'s dear (CHURCH
In all her Brightness shone, and told what Charms
She could, when *Thou* and *Peace* requir'd, display.

Thee then, O *ANNA*, to all future Times
Thy Works shall praise; Thee celebrate e'er yet
The Silver *Thames* retain his wonted Ebb,
Or swell his Surges with th' approaching Moon.
There on his fruitful Banks, in glorious Sort,
There ever shall thy Monuments remain;
Nor hid in one low Chappel, like the Tombs

Of thy dead Anceſtry; but widely ſpread
In ſtately Temples, and beyond Compare
Of Coloſs or *Egyptian* Pyramid.
There, when the pealing Organ moves each Voice
In Conſort with its rapt'rous Notes to joyn,
And hymn with loud ſymphonious Harmony
The great Creator's Praiſe, thy Praiſes too
(For Thou, O *ANNA*, Thou didſt firſt ordain
Altars and ſpatious Domes full five Times Ten,
Where never yet were ſacred Bounds enclos'd,
Should to his honour'd Name be ſtraight uprear'd)
Organ and Voice ſhall to the Heav'ns proclaim!

* O *Stow*,

* O *Stow*, laborious in the Search of Truth,
Antique, hadſt Thou, with Me, great *ANNA*'s (Works
Beheld, ſmall Cauſe would'ſt thou (or for the (Towns,
Or Churches Glory, with a Zeal provok'd)
Find to lament that glitt'ring Steeple fair
To holy Knights pertaining once, tore down
By ſacrilegious Hands, and with the Duſt
Laid level, when ſo many lofty Spires,
By Her Command, now regularly riſe,
And heave themſelves to ſuch high Eminence,
As if they would, like taper *Tenerif*,

* *The Story alluded to, is the demoliſhing of the Priory Church of St.* John *of* Jeruſalem *at* London, the Tower of which (*to uſe my Author's own Words*) was a moſt curious Piece of Workmanſhip, graven, gilt, and enameled, to the great beautifying of the City, and paſſing all other that I have ſeen. *Fol. Survey of* London, p. 483.

Dart

Dart up above the Clouds, and reach the Sky.

† Not ſo the *Norman* Conqu'ror, on the Banks

Of ooſie *Avon* and the bubling *Stour*,

When he *New-Forreſt* form'd, a ſalvage Waſte,

Extended far and wide. Then loud the Cry

Of Sacrilege accurs'd, and Churches 'ſtroy'd,

---

† *Sir* Henry Spelman *gives us this Paſſage at large in his Book* de non temerandis Eccleſiæ bonis. Speed *alſo (whom I have followed) tells us*, that he pulled down Towns and Villages, with 36 Mother Churches; either to have Forces arrive with more Expedition from *Normandy* upon any Neceſſity, or to dedicate the ſame to his Diverſion. By this means (*ſays my Author*) he came to be called the Father of wild Beaſts. But God's juſt Judgment not long after followed this ſo unreaſonable and cruel Act. For in this very Foreſt *Richard* his ſecond Son being goared by a Deer (others ſay, blaſted with a peſtilential Air) was untimely ſlain. Here alſo *Ruſus*, his other Son, was ſhot through with an Arrow by Sir *Walter Tyrrel*. Laſtly, *Henry* (his Grandſon by *Robert Courtoiſe*) whilſt he purſued the Chace, was ſtruck thro' the Jaws by a Bough, and, as *Abſalom*, left hanging till he was dead. *Thus far* Speed.

Their

Their Structures all done down, and Place forgot,
Long ſince with Weeds o'ergrown. His Folly (wail'd,
In that audacious Act, his Off-ſpring dear,
When *ſecond William*, his fair *ruddy* Son,
By *Tyrrel*'s glancing Arrow fell. Nor leſs
His Son, Duke *Richard*, rued the deadly Curſe
Of holy Earth prophan'd, into his Side
When far the angry Deer had wrought his Horn
Begoar'd, and, with th' Effuſion of his Blood,
Let out his miſerable Ghoſt. Nor leſs
His Grandſon, whom the tangling Twigs caught (up
Aloof, and in the Air, midway, ſuſtain'd,
With grievous Torment, till his Soul expir'd.
So when of Old the Pſalmiſt's Rebel Son
Sped haſty on his Road, his factious Rout

Diſ-

Diſcomfited and ſlain; Him, in his Flight,
The Trees could ſtay, 'till Juſtice overtook
His Treaſon, and reveng'd his injur'd Sire.

Nor Thou, unhappy Part of *Britains* Iſle,
Had *ANNA*, Good of All deſiring, liv'd;
Not long ſhould'ſt Thou have wail'd the ſad Eſtate
Of conſecrated Lands, and mitred Sees,
Cathedrals, Chapters, Palaces, and Thrones,
Laid lowly with the Earth. Oh happy He!
For whom theſe Deeds of Glory are reſerv'd,
To ſwell his Piety, and bleſs his Reign!
Not ſo, O *Henry*, can the Muſe (tho' *GOD*
Allwiſe from Evil brought forth Good) report
Thy friendly Care of thine own Church profeſs'd;

But vile the Havock of embowed Roofs,
And ſtoried Windows waſte; The moſſy Cell
Was not exempt from Thee, but Rapine, Spoil,
And Sacrilege around thy Tyrant Throne
Inſulting, cruel, and unheard of reign'd.
So once, tho' from a wilder Cauſe, not Wealth
To purchaſe, but a Name (elſe never known)
Diana's Temple, Work of Ages, blaz'd.

But Thee, O ANNA, boundleſs in thy Love
Of ſacred Truth, and Truth's eternal GOD;
To utmoſt *Ind* and new diſcover'd Lands
Shall Goſpel Sounds proclaim. O well for Them,
Thoſe dark benighted Realms of Ignorance,
That ever Thou in *Britain* reign'dſt. Or elſe

Groſs Idolry, and dev'liſh Pagan Rites,
And Sacrifice too horrible to name,
Had flouriſh'd ſtill. Nor had the gracious Terms
* Of CHRISTS *light, eaſie* Law (thoſe Tidings glad
Which Angels to the wondring Shepherds ſung
Afield, at Midnight Hour) been publiſh'd yet
In thoſe drear Regions, now enlarg'd by Thee
From fatal Error, and firſt taught what Road
From this low World leads up to Life more bleſt.

But Oh the heavy Change! Now Thou art gone!
Now Thou, the poor Mans Friend, the ſick Mans
Cure,

* *Alluſion to our Saviour's Words*, My Yoke is eaſie, and my Burden is light.

Art

Art gone, Alas! And never muſt return!
For Thee the fretful Sick, with Blains obſcene,
And ſtrange and ſcroph'lous Blotches over-run,
Shall call impatiently, and wrack'd with Pain
And agonizing Woe, Thee abſent ſeek
In vain; In vain expect thy healing Touch
To calm the Torture of their Sores, to ſtay
The ſpreading Malady, and bid it ceaſe.
* Sure glorious *Edward*, not unjuſtly Thou
Waſt deem'd a Saint, whoſe Hand th' Almighty Lord
In early Ages, did with virtual Pow'r
Thus wonderful endue; And Thine the Race
Moſt favour'd, on whoſe Sons the ſame great Gift,

* Edward *the Confeſſor, who firſt cured the King's Evil.*

Till ANNA breath'd her laſt, remain'd transferr'd.

O ANNA, may this Tribute which I yield
To thy dear Memory, this homely Verſe,
Like ſome old *Druids* Song, to lateſt Times
Deſcend, and Fathers tell their Sons in Theſe,
Theſe plain and honeſt Words, how Thou didſt bleſs
The Sick with Health, the CHURCH (thy chiefeſt Care)
With various Bounties, and thy whole Domain
With Peace. And once a Year beneath the Shade
Of ſome old *Royal Oak*, and if it be
In *April* green, when newborn *Flora* ſmiles
On each fair Field (then thou didſt firſt put on
Th' Imperial Diadem) let each good Man
Rehearſe this Story of the *STUART* Race.

First let him tell how virtuous *CHARLES the First*
A Martyr died for *England*'s pureſt CHURCH;
Whoſe Candle, for our Sins, now near put out,
When He, the brave Defender fell (ſo Heav'n
Permitted) ſcarce a living Light maintain'd.
This with a Tear—But then elate with Joy,
How it reviv'd when *ſecond CHARLES* return'd,
And flouriſh'd under *ANNE*. There reſt the Tale
'Till better Days arrive—But Thou, fair Tree,
May no unkindly Vapours blaſt thy Fruit,
And their dear Names immortaliz'd beyond
All Times endure; And as, O far renown'd
And fav'rite Glory of the *Britiſh* Wood,
Thou doſt all other Trees excel in Strength,

May

May theſe all other Men excel in Fame!

But Thou, O ROCHESTER, in Verſe compleat,
Form'd by thy Love of our late royal Dame
As well as finiſh'd Learning to poſſeſs
Our very Hearts and utmoſt Heed; Had'ſt Thou
The Leiſure to reſume thy charming Shell
But once again, and conſecrate a Lay
To her unſpotted Fame; Then, Then indeed
Streins equal to the great illuſtrious Theme
We might expect to hear! But other Cares
Thy Station, and the Times, ordain for Thee:
There then let Thine, and WINTON's honeſt Zeal

Be all imploy'd: But if, *Right Rev'rend Lords*,
Your high Deſerts, or gen'rous OXFORD's Name,
* (Who ſcreen'd young *Philips* from opprobrious Tongues)
† Or HARCOURTS (who, as kind bad Apples ſtand
As in his Poem, ſo his Effigie
Around) § Or good CAERNARVONS (whoſe great Soul

---

* *Theſe are* Philips's *own Words, wherein he acknowledges my Lord* Oxford *his moſt eſpecial Patron.*

† *My Lord* Harcourt *erected an handſome Monument for Mr.* Philips *at his own Charge, in* Weſtminſter-Abby. *Upon the Top is his Picture circled with Apple Trees; underneath,* Honos erit huic quoq; Pomo, *&c.*

§ *Alluding to the Lord* Caernarvons *beautifying* Whitchurch, *erecting an Organ, and maintaining at his own Expence a great Number of Performers Vocal and Inſtrumental, which draws Multitudes every Sunday to hear the Service.*

Is heav'nly tun'd, and Oratory throng'd
With Pilgrims, as of old ſome ſaintlike Shrine,
His Mattin Lauds and Evening Song who flock
To hear) Names meriting our beſt Reſpect;
May thro' my Verſe preſerve a Memory,
Here ever ſhine the living Ornaments
Of Me and It. And Thou, * O BRUDENEL, Joy
Of loyal CARDIGAN and his fair Spouſe
(As GLO'STER was of ANNA's Heart) O well
Remember, at the ſacred Font, for Thee

* *Queen* Anne *was Godmother to* George *Lord* Brudenel (*Son and Heir to the Right Honourable the Earl of* Cardigan) *a young Gentleman of great Beauty, Wit, and Hopefulneſs.*

What

What ſolemn Vow ſhe graciouſly profeſs'd;
Her Promiſes fulfil, and Ways purſue.
So ſhall thy lateſt Years like the fair Prime
Of Youth conclude in beauteous Innocence;
Virtue grow ſtrong with Age, and Heav'n ſucceed.

Mean while, O Woman excellent! O Queen
Auguſt! (* once not enough belov'd! now not
Enough bewail'd!) Thy ſacred Name and Acts
Admir'd, in Times impartial Chronicle
Preſerv'd; When this ungrateful Age is done,

---

* *Alluſion to a Monumental Inſcription which I have ſomewhere ſeen,*

Olim non ſatis amanda,
Olim non ſatis lugenda.

And lying Envy, impotent and old,
Shrunk up into her Urn, fragrant and freſh
Shall bloom again; Thy low-delv'd humble Grave,
Tho' with no coſtly Monument adorn'd,
Breathe Odours, and with ev'ry Flouret Smile.
But let ſucceeding Monarchs learn, like Thee,
To win each Subject Heart with Love, not Awe,
With Fear; Like Thee, to cheriſh well this
(CHURCH;
Nor ſcorn thy glorious Pattern when they wield
The ſceptred Pow'r ſupreme. Let Others reign
For other Ends inglorious; Who, unskill'd
In thy fair Steps to tread, conduct the Reins
Of Government awry. Well haſt Thou done,
And much deſerv'd; Thou good and faithful Soul!

And

And doubtleſs Heav'n, juſt Heav'n, hath with a (Crown
More laſting, O Thou Beſt of Queens! array'd *
Thy Virtue. Thence with Looks ſerenely mild,
On Theſe (once happy) Realms, with all thy (Charms,
Thy wonted Favour and auſpicious Love,
Still like a Parent of thy People ſmile,

And may thy Pray'rs ſtill pour upon our Heads
Thoſe Bleſſings which thy Preſence always gave!
So ſpake the Youth, *while Sighs and Groans around,*
Deep and innumerable, murmur'd out
The doleful Chorus, and each Boſom heav'd
With Grief, and hearkning to the ſad Complaint.

Thus once the artleſs Swain, all in the View
Of ruin'd Heaps, to ſooth his Woe, and calm

His

His own too rig'rous Fate; in piteous Mood,
* Sung *Hebrew Saul* and *Jonathan* his Son,
Weltring in Blood from their own Wounds effus'd;
Then wept with *Britain* matchleſs *ANNA*'s Loſs,
And, griev'd for Her, his mournful Song expir'd!

---

* *Theſe Verſes I muſt own ought not to be printed without the Poem they allude to; but as That may one Time or another come Abroad, what is a Fault now, may perhaps not be thought ſo then.*

POEMS

BY THE SAME

AUTHOR.

VIZ.

I. A Paraphraſe on Part of the 139 Pſalm.

II. The CHOICE.

III. Verſes to the Right Hounourable the Lady *ELIZABETH CECIL*, on Her Birth-Day, *Nov.* 23. 1717.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIX.

PREFACE.

TO please the ſeveral Taſtes of them who love Blank Verſe, and them who love Rhime; Them who love ſerious, and them who love airy Subjects; To a Poem upon a melancholy Occaſion I have added Others of a different Turn, ſo that, if my Subſcribers be diſappointed of their Satisfaction in one Compoſition, I have endeavoured

voured they may find it in O-thers. This, I hope, will be ſo far from being reckoned a Fault, that I perſuade my ſelf they will conſider it as flowing from that Deſire which I have to oblige every Body.

PARA-

PARAPHRASE

On Part of the 139 PSALM.

I.

THE deep Receſſes of my Soul,
O Lord, thou can'ſt deſcry!
For all the Secrets of my Heart
Lie open to thine Eye.

II.

Thou know'ſt my Thoughts yet immature,
Long, long before I think;
Nor are the Cauſes hid from Thee
Which all my Actions link.

III.

Thou, Thou alone, my Frame didſt mould,
And will'dſt my Blood to run;
But thou can'ſt make it ceaſe to flow,
Undo what thou haſt done:

IV.

From thy dread Preſence to eſcape
Then whither can I fly?

And

And where, Oh where! conceal my ſelf
From thine all-piercing Eye?

V.

Thou dwell'ſt in Heav'n, if I had Wings
To waft me thro' the Air;
If I ſhou'd ſink into the Deep,
My God, thou reigneſt there!

VI.

Or, if I ſhould to diſtant Realms
My trembling Soul convey;
Riſe with the Sun, and follow him
Thro' the long pathleſs Sea;

VII.

Alas! How can I thither go,
Unleſs thou guide my Feet?
And There, altho' thy Mercy lead,
I may thy Judgment meet.

VIII.

Or if I ſhould in Darkneſs ſeek
My Wickedneſs to hide,
The Night it ſelf would Day become,
And bluſh like Morning-Tide.

IX.

The thickeſt Darkneſs cannot ſhade
My Doings from thy Sight,

For

For Oh! the thickeſt Darkneſs is
To Thee as fair as Light.

X.

Thus, where I could ſo fondly think
In Secrecy to dwell,
Thou all my Follies can'ſt diſcern,
And all my Doings tell.

XI.

Yet merciful, as hitherto,
Let me my God but find;
And daily ſhall my Lyre addreſs
Thee gracious, ever kind.

THE

THE CHOICE.

HArm'd with its happy and experienc'd (Eaſe
Me only can the quiet Village pleaſe,
There unconcern'd I could my Cares forget,
Contented reſt, nor covet to be Great.
But, as Mankind would any Dangers run

Rather

Rather than be with Poverty undone;
So would I, kind Heav'n grant I ever be
From That, and greater Plague of Riches, free!
A little more would Fortune timely give
Of Wealth, than what is juſt enough to live;
Then ſometimes ſhould my Boſom Friend impart
His own, and hear the Secrets of my Heart;
New Books ſhould help my Wiſhes to compleat,
And ſometimes Muſick viſit my Retreat,
And ſometimes Verſe. ForVerſe would well cohere
With gentle Muſick to ſurprife the Ear,
And mingling Sweets, exalt my Soul to Bliſs,
Or elſe bring down the happy World to This.

But think not, *Cloe*, that I would forgoe

For

For love of theſe Delights, the Love of You.
No Verſe, my Fair, can in thy Abſence charm,
No Harmony my Soul of Grief diſarm;
No abſent Friend be miſs'd when Thou art by,
Nor, in thy Abſence, give me Taſte of Joy.

VERSES

VERSES

Preſented to the Right Honourable

The Lady ELIZABETH CECIL,

On Her *BIRTH-DAY, Nov.* 23, 1717.

OF *CECIL*'s Beauty, and of Burg-
(leY's Pile,
(Thoſe two bright Ornaments of *Bri-*
tain's Iſle,)
O gentle Muſe, aſſiſt me whilſt I ſing;
To theſe great Themes thy ſweeteſt Numbers
(bring.
And, O ye Heav'ns, this Day your Mildneſs ſhow,
Smile You above, while We rejoice below.

Hail BURGLEY! Venerable BURGLEY Hail!
Time may, as ſoon as Thou, of Wonders fail.
See where thy bright CECILIAN Race draw near,
And full of their own native Charms appear.
New Grace they each unto each other give,
And from each other back again receive.
So in ſome curious and well finiſh'd Piece,
Wherein the Sculptor ſtudied moſt to pleaſe,
Each Limb doth thro' each other ſeem more ſweet,
And all conſpire to make the whole compleat.

Hail EXETER! The Church and Churchman, (Friends
Thee doth thy ſtedfaſt Loyalty commend!

Thee

Thee Strangers more than Hoſpitable find,
The Poor benevolent and greatly kind,
Thy Friends to ev'ry gen'rous Act enclin'd.
And Thou, his Conſort, Hail! Thee Great as (Fair,
And Good as Great, muſt ev'ry Muſe declare.
In Thee thoſe Charms do all together meet,
A few of which make Others ſeem compleat.
For whether we thy ſweet Deportment ſing,
Or to thy awful Beauty tune the String;
Or, in our Verſe, that brighter Senſe admire
Which does, with ſo much Strength, thy Thoughts (inſpire;
Or elſe (did not we fear to give Offence)
That Modeſty which beautifies thy Senſe;
Or ſhould we elſe thy Charity but tell,
(Oh on that Charity my Tongue could dwell!)

Thy Piety—But Who, Who can commend
Each Virtue, when each Virtue may pretend
To all the Praiſe that all our Thoughts can lend?

But Oh thou happy Fair, whoſe wondrous Face
Smiles with each Charm, and ſparkles with each Grace)
Thrice Hail to Thee! May this glad Morning (ſhine
Gracious and kind upon thy Youth divine!
Oh that I could in equal Numbers tell
How far thy Charms all others Charms excel!
Or in a copious Narrative enroll,
Beauteous as it, the Beauties of thy Soul!
But when I've touch'd the Outlines of a Draught,
And tried the Compaſs of each likely Thought;

So

So far beneath the Object it appears,
So ſmall Reſemblance of thy Beauty bears,
That ever to deſcribe it my weak Muſe deſpairs.
Since therefore to attempt, and not ſucceed,
Would but my Want of Skill the more implead;
Since none but tow'ring Eagles, or their Young
(As Nat'raliſts have wrote, and Poets ſung)
Or glitt'ring *Phœbus* can ſecurely gaze,
When he his whole Meridian Force diſplays;
Let Me, with humble Modeſty, retire,
And thy bright Charms, as dazling as his Fire,
Preſume not to examine, but admire.

From CECIL, Muſe, to BURGLEY turn thine (Eyes
(Like as from Innocence to Paradiſe)

With

With *Monots* Sculpture here indulge thy Sight,
And feel how *Jordan*'s Pencil yields Delight.
For ſee! his *Seneca*, by ſlow Degrees,
Pale and expiring, ſeems at length to freeze.
His Veins no longer bleed, but ſtill below
How much he bled, that Urn doth hugely ſhow.
His Scholars faint to ſee their Maſter dead,
Each falls his Pen, and hangs his drooping Head,
Nor thinks what laſt the dying Stoic ſaid.
Scarce equall'd They—Yet *Dulci*'s mellow Paint
Does both our Eyes and very Souls enchant.
For ſee his glorious Features of that Face
Which once the happy *Paleſtine* did grace;
Divinity the Artiſt doth reſtore
So lovely, we could ev'n the Shades adore!

For

For lo! the Saviour of the World, with Eyes
That up to his own Heav'n devoutly riſe,
Bleſſing from thence the ſacred Myſteries;
Holds forth the hallow'd Bread, while on his Hand
Reflected Radiance doth Surpriſe command;
Beneath, a golden Diſh the Piece diſplays,
Which, from a proper Light, emits thoſe Rays.
But why of Theſe?—Where can we caſt our Eyes
In BURGLEY, where freſh Wonders do not riſe?
There, ranged in their ſev'ral Series, view
How gay the *Cæſars*, in their Medals, ſhew.
Or, if the Works of Nature more delight,
Than thoſe of mimick Art, thy greedy Sight;
Here foſſil Shells and Shapes are heap'd on high,
And ſhining Gemms in bright Confuſion lie:

Here *Thetis* doth each rare Production keep,
And treaſures up the Treaſures of the Deep.
Such, BURGLEY, are, in Part, thy Charms! But (Who,
Thy rich Amuſements when his Thoughts purſue,
Can Half thy Wealth and curious Things repeat,
And, but in Catalogue, thy Glories treat?
Or who, had he that Catalogue, could find
Leiſure to view, what once was here deſign'd,
Late CECIL, by thy vaſt capacious Mind?
Thoſe Spoils indeed, which now thy BURGLEY (ſtores,
Were once the Ornament of *Tyber*'s Shores;
But when, by thy Command, they ſail'd acroſs
The Seas (if Fame be true) *Rome* mourn'd the (Loſs.

But

But ſee! the lovely Nymph again draws near,
And gilds with Light the paler Hemiſphere.
See how the little Loves about her play,
With Flow'rs how wantonly they ſtraw the Way,
And joyful, clap their Wings, and Hail the Day!
The Song begins! And Ecchoes ſweet rebound
The Viol and the ſprightly Hautboys Sound;
And now, made One, the Pipe, the String, the Voice,
And all the Pow'rs of Harmony rejoice!
O ſtrange Effect! When thus you touch your Lyres
And with them thus the Reed and Tongue conſpires
Conjoyn'd you pleaſe, and move, and charm it ſo,
My Soul no longer minds this Earth below;
To Heav'n in Symphony it ſeems to ſtray,
While gentle Muſick wafts its Thoughts away.
The Muſick ceaſes——But what ſweeter Sound

Does now the ſilent Minſtrelſie confound?
Are we deceiv'd, or do our raviſh'd Ears
Let in the Muſick of the rolling Spheres?
Oh no! Be huſh'd, be ſtill, my wondring Muſe,
Such Voices will yet ſtranger Thoughts infuſe!
No Spheres their Muſick play, but, in thoſe Walks,
Fair BROWNLOW hearkens while fair CECIL talks.
So, when Angelic Miniſters deſcend
To thoſe pure Mortals whom the Gods befriend;
When they unfold the Errand why they came,
Artful, their Voices, they to CECIL's frame.
But when, in borrow'd Vapours, they condenſe
Themſelves to be the Objects of our Senſe,
Invehicle their Eſſence, and beſhroud
Their, more refined, Subſtance in a Cloud;

Then

Then could they Theirs, like Her Appearance (ſhape,
Take all, and let no ſingle Charm eſcape;
Could they, embodied, thus ſurpriſing ſeem,
All would on CECIL, *not an Angel*, dream.

Enough, my Muſe! Pauſe now, and reſt thy (Lyre,
Let down thy Strings, unleſs ſome God inſpire,
Or CECIL ſmile, Thou can'ſt not wind them (high'r.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE Author of theſe Poems hath been for ſome Time preparing for the Preſs, *The Hiſtory of the Two laſt Months of the Reign of King* CHARLES *the Firſt*; which Work is now in great Forwardneſs, and he queſtions not but to be able (from the Materials already come to his Hands) to give a better Account of that Story *(as conſiſting of what his Friends did for him, his Enemies againſt him, and he himſelf daily underwent)* than hath hitherto appeared. Any Gentleman who hath any Thing curious relating to the Affairs of that Period, it is hoped, will be ſo juſt to the Memory of the Royal Martyr, and ſo much a Friend to the Author, as to oblige him with a Tranſcript, or Minutes, of what he ſhall think neceſſary to perfect the Undertaking. Whatſoever is thus ſent for him to Mr. *Clements* will be received in the kindeſt Manner, and all due Acknowledgment of ſuch Favour ſhall afterwards be made in the Work it ſelf, if he find it permitted.

BRITISH MUSEUM